

Martha Wainwright "Far Away"

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Far away
In some lovely way I hear your call
Whatever happened to them all?
Whatever happened to us all?

I know that we've never met before
But that was then, and now I need you more
Is someone here keeping the score?
Is there only dying at your door?
Taking me down off this cross
Lay me down, down, down in the dust
Whoa, love, take my hand across the crowd
I have been digging underground
What'er remains is yet to be found
I have no children
I have no husband

I have no reason
To be alive
Oh, give me one

Green grass blades are all on fire
I own the crack that's in the wind
From your window I see bars & the birds
They sing & they sing & they sing & they sing
And the dogs
They bark & they bark & they bark & they bark & they
bark

Ah...

Whatever happened to them all?
Whatever happened to us all?

Annie had two young baby boys
And Jimi went crazy, crazy, crazy late last fall
Ah...

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